

The centennial celebration at New York of the inauguration of George Washington there on April 30th, 1789, was the most imposing ever seen in this great country of 65,000,000 inhabitants. The streets were decorated with garlands of flowers and bunting and the entire city was in holiday attire. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew was the orator of the occasion and did the spread eagle business, while Harrison was let off with a five-minute address, which was both pointed and sensible. The procession numbered 60,000 and the jam was terrific, more than a million of visitors being in the city. Kentucky was represented by Gov. Buckner, Gen. John R. Castleman, Gen. S. E. Hill, Col. E. Polk Johnson and 450 State Guards, whose appearance was most creditable to the State. It took Washington six days in his carriage to reach Elizabeth, N. J., from his Mt. Vernon home, 100 years ago. Harrison and his party in the finest train of palaces ever run made the trip in exactly six hours, and then in order to follow as near as possible the course of the father of his country, the party took steamships for New York, with hundreds of vessels acting as escort. A centennial ball was given at which the chief feature was an ovation to Mrs. Cleveland, who received more attention than Mrs. Harrison, notwithstanding that lady is now the first of the land. His fraudulency, R. B. Hayes, was present at the celebration, but he would have been better occupied had he remained in Ohio and attended to his poultry. It was enough to bring back the blush of shame to every patriotic man to recall by his presence that this impostor had filled the place, or rather held it, that Washington dignified. Should the country progress at the same rate for the next 100 years as it has in the last, there is no limit to our possibilities, and when the second centennial is celebrated may it be under as favorable and as auspicious circumstances as the one just closed.

The Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina met at the New York Centennial celebration, but if the traditional suggestion was made it is not recorded. In fact these governors got no further mention than the bare assertion that they were there. Only the chief magistrates of Virginia, Kentucky and Georgia seem to have been accorded special notice. They were all gallant confederate chieftains, whose record in war is only surpassed by their devotion to country and home in times of peace.

The Danville Advocate nominates Judge M. J. Durham for permanent chairman of the State convention, which meets next week. We second the nomination most heartily. The Democrats of his native State ought to show the rads at Washington by every manner possible in how great esteem they hold the honest and incorruptible officer, whom the republican administration could not awe or browbeat.

JAMES B. MARTIN, of Barren, candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, besides being admirably equipped for the office, has the happy faculty of remembering faces and names, and nearly always scores a point by recalling some incident connected with his introduction to a gentleman. He is a very polished man and would fill the office most acceptably.

The latest "Big 3" is Bradley, Godfrey Hunter and Burchett and they have demanded that Dan Collier shall be Surveyor of the Port of Louisville. In the meanwhile Col. J. K. Faulkner, who fits the place like paper on the wall, is at Washington, determined to show the big trio that he is somewhat of a man himself, and it's dollars to cents he'll get there.

It is said that the rulings of the pension commissioner, Tanner, have doubled the applications for pensions and that the flood of fraudulent claims is seriously interfering with those that are valid. The country will wish before many days that Tanner's head had gone with his legs during the war.

AFTER the examination of 120 persons, not a single juror was obtained in the trial of Latimer for the murder of his mother, at Jackson, Michigan. A brute guilty of such an offense doesn't deserve a trial and it is strange that time is being wasted upon him, when rope is so plentiful.

GEN. GREELY announces that hereafter he will, when practicable, make a general prediction showing the condition of the weather two or three days in advance. Considering the recent failures to predict correctly for 24 hours, there is a rashness about this decision that is absolutely bewildering.

COL. WM. P. WALTON was grand marshal of the G. A. R. parade at the New York Centennial, but it was not the editor of this paper, who hastens to make this statement for fear somebody will think he has been traveling under false pretenses.

At the Centennial banquet in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 25 tables were arranged in double horseshoe fashion with a seating capacity for 800. Nearly 8,000 wine glasses glittered at intervals along the array of tables, and 200 waiters as well drilled as so many soldiers, stood ready to respond to the slightest wink of the diners. Each course, as to the time of service, was regulated by electricity, thus avoiding the custom prevalent at public dinners of serving a portion of the diners with light wines while the balance drank champagne. The expense of the dinner is said to have been \$35,000, the wine alone causing an expenditure of nearly \$16,000. Gov. Hill made the welcoming address and our own illustrious Grover Cleveland responded to the toast "Our People" in a few characteristic and eloquent remarks. The other 11 toasts were as follows: "The State," Gov. Fitzhugh Lee; "The Federal Constitution," Chief Justice Fuller; "The United States of America," President Harrison; "The Senate," John W. Daniel, of Virginia; "The Presidency," by the man who stole it, or rather received stolen property, alias, R. B. Hayes; "The Judiciary," Senator Evarts; "Our Army and Navy," Gen. Sherman; "Our Schools and Colleges," President Elliott, of Harvard; and "Our Literature," by James Russell Lowell.

The newspapers that are abusing Orton's Wild West show just because it failed to advertise with them show a very petty spirit and exhibit a spite that they ought to be above displaying. If a man does not think he gets his money's worth by advertising with us we would not have him make the outlay. Of course we feel better towards a patron than any one else, but a man must be his own judge about whether it pays to advertise or not and if he decides in the negative, we will raise no row with him. Why do not these same newspapers, call by name and run down the wares of the home merchants who do not advertise? They have the same right.

The Louisville Times has rounded out the first five years of a successful and honorable existence. Emmett Logan has good reason to be proud of his bantling, but he is going to leave it in other hands for a year and try his hand at farming in Warren county. Seventeen years of unremitting toil in the same line has caused him to long for a change and a most needed rest. So he will join Dr. John D. Woods in September and Farmer Polk Johnson, of Frankfort, will give them lessons in the art of tickling the soil to make it produce the best quality of mint.

A G. A. R. man is raising a big row in the Covington Commonwealth because, as he alleges, Judge Vincent Breunig is "using, or rather attempting to use, the G. A. R. as a means of advancing his political aspirations." In other words, that he is trying to ride into the pension agency on the shoulders of the old soldiers. The "ex-high official" is evidently a sorehead and ought to go off and soak it.

CHARLES J. HULL, a four-millionaire, of Chicago, left all his vast estate to his pretty housekeeper, with whom he was in love, forgetting that eleven hungry kinsmen would never consent to such treatment. They have accordingly contested the will and will demonstrate that while man proposes the court disposes, and the lawyers walk off with the booty.

When Washington was inaugurated there were only 10 full-fledged States, now there are 38 and four to be admitted as soon as the constitutional requirements are complied with. Unless we capture Canada and Mexico, or cut up the larger into many smaller States, the next 100 years will see no great increase of stars on our spangled banner.

The following is important if true, but as it appears in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, we do not vouch for it: "General Clinton B. Fisk, late candidate for President on the Prohibition ticket, has reached the conclusion that political prohibition is a stumbling block to temperance reform and he is again a republican."

The News says that 43 barrels of fresh fish are consumed by the Parisians a week, besides what is caught out of St. Germain and other streams. If Craddock gets his share of the brain food, which we fear he does not, he may be able to furnish quite a decent little poem for the delectation of the Press Association.

UNCLE BEN HARRISON complains that our wood cut of him was diabolical. We will leave it to anybody who knows him if the "pictur" is not true to life. The Frankfort Capital says it is a very good likeness and our Uncle Benjamin doesn't want to dispute with our bold soldier president.

UNLESS Billy O'Bradley has a pass, he will spend all the money he makes from his "large and lucrative law practice," which he could not give up to go to Corea, in railroad fare to Washington. He is keeping the railroad track to that city hot, having gone there again this week.

The civil service law now applies to the railway mail service and hereafter appointments must be made for merit and not for political purposes. There are 5,300 positions of this character, of which 2,500 have been filled by republicans in the last two months.

A PART of the centennial programme was an hour's "worship" in St. Paul's church, where Washington sought divine guidance on the morning he was inaugurated. Harrison occupied the same pew that his illustrious predecessor did a hundred years before. The country has made rapid strides in every branch of commercial and mechanical progress, but the sight of the little man was proof conclusive that it has progressed backwards in the character of men out of which it makes presidents.

The Times says that "Gov. Buckner's white head and Col. Polk Johnson's bald head were the observed of all observers in New York Tuesday." They are mighty fine heads and Kentucky is not at all ashamed for them to be displayed anywhere.

MASSACHUSETTS high license law throws 3,500 bar-keepers out of jobs and the proprietors suffer a loss of \$5,000,000 in fixtures and income. It is very sad, but we shall save our tears for deeper sorrow.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Howdy!
—The republicans of Paint Lick are very mad over the recent postoffice appointment at that place. They should cool off.

—About the only indication that we have had of spring is the abundant supply of spring chickens furnished by our good hostess, Mrs. Holmes, at Miller's Hotel. How the drummers do smile—"and them boarders too."

—The Centennial was not celebrated here except by some of our young ladies and gentlemen, who enjoyed a rainy day picnic. Possibly some of our patriots think it wrong for George Washington to have gotten an office so easily a century ago, when they have been diligently seeking one for a quarter of a century, and failed in every attempt.

—Knowing of our forgiving nature, Joe P. Sandifer, who so gracefully quilled this column immediately after our departure, spoke of us, as soon as our back was turned, in a very broad and intensely personal manner. As Joe never boils over save with gratitude and affection, the offense is forgiven—forgiven mainly because of the friendship we can never forget.

—Hon. M. J. Durham and wife were here Wednesday visiting relatives and friends. The judge looks as if he were able to win anything, but his honesty may defeat him. Thomas J. Moore, candidate for clerk of the Court of Appeals, was here yesterday. Capt. W. J. Kinaird, one of our brightest and most enterprising young men, has located in Kansas City, and engaged in the insurance business. Col. Charles Gallagher, the oldest merchant tailor in our city, and one of the best in the State, has retired from business and will spend the summer in the mountains. J. T. Eason, a worthy young man, has received an appointment as postal clerk on the C. S. railway.

—We have never claimed anything like mental equipoise, but we are surely not fool enough to attempt a letter on Florida, when your columns have recently contained so much concerning that State, written by the foremost descriptive writer of the day. A few days after we arrived at Bartow, Bro. Barnes wrote that that he was intoxicated, and that I was also. Now, Bro. Barnes wrote truly as to his own condition, but was mistaken as to mine. But you know—I suppose you do; nearly all editors do—that when a man is intoxicated he imagines, every one is flying along with him. The climate was lovely beyond our conception and we were delighted; but believing in temperance in all things, we kept sober and took the best care of the good evangelist when he indulged to excess. We think, therefore, that we looked at everything calmly and soberly.

I have but little to say about Southern Florida. Her great need is chimneys—open fireplaces and chimneys. The winter has been an extraordinarily wet and cold one in the South. Even under this unusual state of affairs there were only about half a dozen times when fire was needed, but then we needed it as much as we ever did in Kentucky. Their best provision for fire is a small stove with pipe run through the window. After the "spell" comes and gets a pretty good hold on you, they throw two or three small sticks of pine into the stove and fire up. You then put on your overcoat, get very close to the stove, let your imagination and your toes work and get warm—if you can.

Another way they have of heating the southern end of the State, is by means of a coal oil stove, so called. I would call it a large cast-iron lamp, with two burners and wicks. When a "norther" arrives, a negro boy comes into the office and fills the stove and the cracks in the floor immediately around it, with coal oil. After lighting the wicks, he turns one up very high, so as to make an immense smoke, and the other very low, so it will make neither smoke nor heat, and departs. You entwine yourself about that stove as you would about your boot if you wanted to peg the bottom of it—button your overcoat, wrap muffler well about your neck, thrust your hands deep down into your pockets, keep your two eyes on the two flames, one going up and the other going down, and there you are—Mulberry Sellers.

Now, as to Sanibel. Bro. Barnes has written much concerning it. We thoroughly agree with him in everything he

WHY IS IT!

Many people wonder why we are so

BUSY ALL THE TIME

If you will make a minute of a dozen or more articles that we sell, take a tour of inspection and learn the difference in prices, the

MYSTERY WILL BE SOLVED

At once. Our Great Success is due to our Motto:

Quick Sales and Small Profits!

Our Unequalled LOW PRICES in all Departments are

THE TALK OF THE DAY!

We are selling Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, &c, lower than any other House in Stanford.

It will pay you to examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE!

Main st., Stanford.

M. SALINGER, Manager.

has said except in one point. We have never been convinced that it is valuable for farming purposes, or suitable for profitable fruit growing. We must admit though that nearly all appearances are against the opinion we hold. A greater part of the soil is as rich in appearance as any we ever saw on the western prairies. Still, in the face of this fact and others like it, our opinion remains the same. Within the past ten years, Bro. Barnes and ourselves have differed about many things. The lapse of a little time has proven, invariably, that he was right. We hope the present case will not be an exception. Other facts on his side are, that the citizens down there generally agree with him; and that about 40 people have gone there to live, and the population is gradually increasing.

Of all the places we saw in the South, Sanibel is the best and most delightful for a winter resort; and if capitalists should build a large hotel there—a thing not at all improbable—property would enhance in value, the island would attract the attention of all the Northern and Eastern States and become the leading resort in Florida.

There has been some talk about Bro. Barnes homesteading. Out in the dusk there is the usual powwow concerning the step taken as well as his motives for taking it. His friends seem to be satisfied. Those who are not his friends have no right to open their choeps. If the whole thing were a failure financially; if to-morrow the few dollars he has expended were swept away and lost forever, I would count this island venture one of the most profitable performances of his life. As to his motives at all times—they are the jewels that sparkle in his golden life.

We would love to tell of the delights and beauties of Sanibel if we could. Bro. Barnes attempted it and failed. With his great descriptive powers, his pen has drawn only a little from the grandeur of the island and its surroundings.

To attempt to tell of our great joy during our stay with the "Troupe," would be to attempt the impossible. It is still our pleasure to think of the good time we spent at "Palm Ranch" and with many a longing for that life again. We often think of the many things that made us so happy there. And often do we recall the bustle in the early morning when we all arose to plan and work—and fish; the day filled with a variety of pleasant occurrences; then the gathering on the small porch of the great preacher's humble island home to watch the sun disappear and the day fade out. We have never seen such sublimity at sunset as was witnessed almost daily there. We were all so single in our desire to watch its slow descent, that we have often wondered whether good spirits sometimes gathered together with us to watch the sun as it seemed to kiss the great waters and go slowly down in a blaze of glory far west of Sanibel.

The bitter to all this sweet came on the day of separation. When we parted from the "Troupe" we had an aching throat and no voice. But we were compensated, in a large measure, by having for our traveling companions, two as excellent and happy friends as one will meet in a life's journey—Will Ferguson, the quiet, true, unselfish gentleman, and his lovely and gentle sister May. When we bid them good bye at New Orleans it was like parting with brother and sister. May they abide here long and always in peace.

My entire trip was a delightful one. I can never forget the many pleasures attending it—the congeniality, the sympathy, the kindness of all. May this season of rest and refreshing, with all its good and happy hours, soon return unchanged to me.

Wall Paper, Wall Paper, Wall Paper,

—At—

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S.

B. K. WEAREN,

—Dealer In—

Furniture and Undertakers' Goods! STANFORD, KY.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Assorted Stock of Wall Paper, Border, Ceiling Decorations and Window Shades

Ever exhibited in Stanford. Furniture and Undertakers' Stock is full and complete. We call special attention to our

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET,

The best Casket of the kind ever invented.

Embalming under the most approved method when desired.

J. C. McClary, Salesmen and Embalmer.

A. R. PENNY, DRUGGIST & JEWELER.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

FANCY ARTICLES, &c

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE.

Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and warranted.

NEW FURNITURE STORE! MACK HUFFMAN, PROP.



Will keep constantly on hand a large and select line of Furniture and Undertaker's Goods. My prices will be as low as such goods can be bought in the cities. Give me a trial and you will be convinced that I sell lower than the lowest.